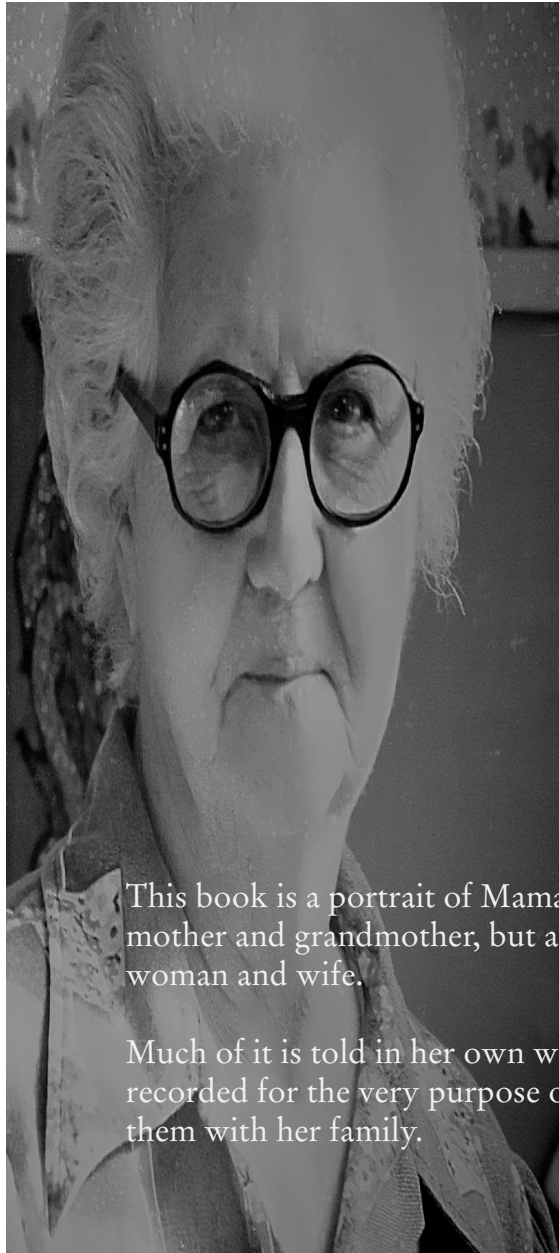


Hallie





This book is a portrait of Mama, not only the mother and grandmother, but also the girl, young woman and wife.

Much of it is told in her own words which were recorded for the very purpose of one day sharing them with her family.



I was born in Metcalf County, Kentucky.

There were seven kids. My oldest brother was named Memory, then youngest brother was Vervon. Then there was Kate, Lucille, Matleen and Pearl.

My Dad had land that farm hands farmed. He bought and sold livestock and tobacco. We used to strip tobacco and then let it hang in the barn and dry. We raised corn and beans. We would have bean hullings and neighbors would come in and help us hull our beans. We took our corn and wheat to the mill and have it ground into flour and cornmeal.

Dad would take the tobacco to Louisville to sell it.

When he came home we would always be waiting for him because he would bring a basket full of fruit home with him. Fruit was something we hardly ever got so we couldn't wait until he got home.

H.C.





We lived in a two story house Dad had built.

It wasn't anything fancy, just a straight up and down house. We loved it there. We had a coal stove to heat with and a coal stove to cook with. We didn't have much but we were all happy.

Mom and I would do a lot of cooking at Christmas time, but Mom didn't have the time to do the things she wanted to do. She had to run after stock and do things she shouldn't have to do.

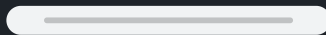
We had to walk two miles to the grocery store.

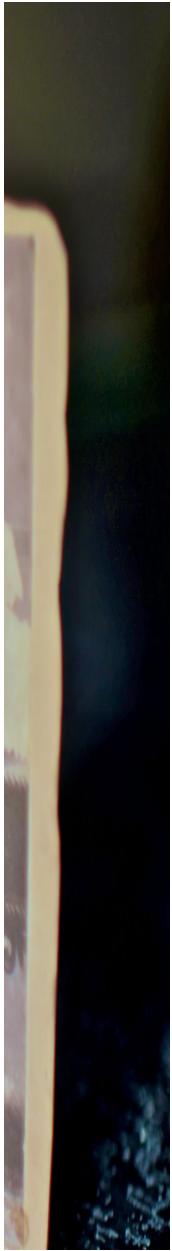
We didn't have to buy very much because we raised most of what we needed. My Mom used to can lots of food and I always helped her.

Mom most always made something special over the weekend. This one Sunday she wasn't expecting anybody so she just cooked a big pot of beans before going to church.

When we got home from church the Bailey's were there from Sulphur Well. Dad asked them to stay for dinner, and they did! Mom was so embarrassed she didn't know what to do.

H.C.





Our Dad built a little house out in
back of ours for my grandmother.

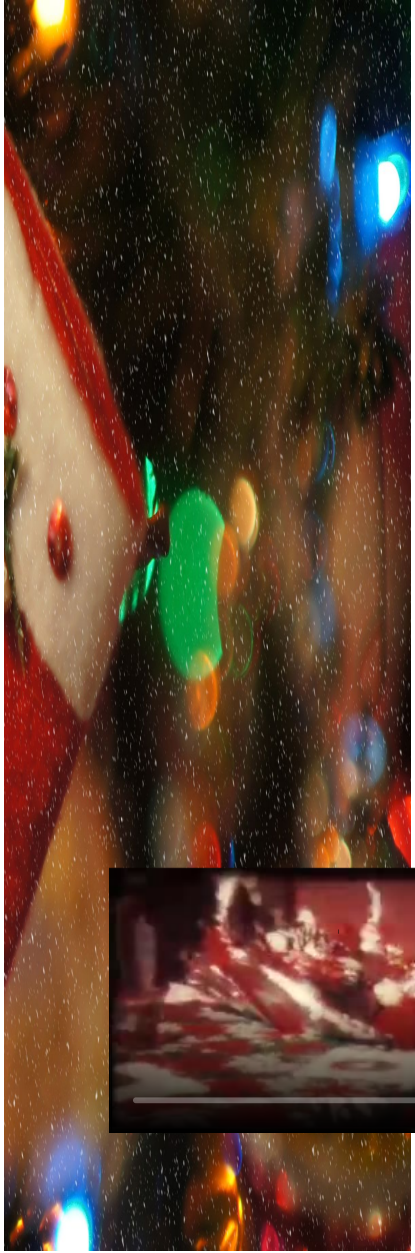
Us kids took turns staying all night with her. Then she got married and we just couldn't stand it.

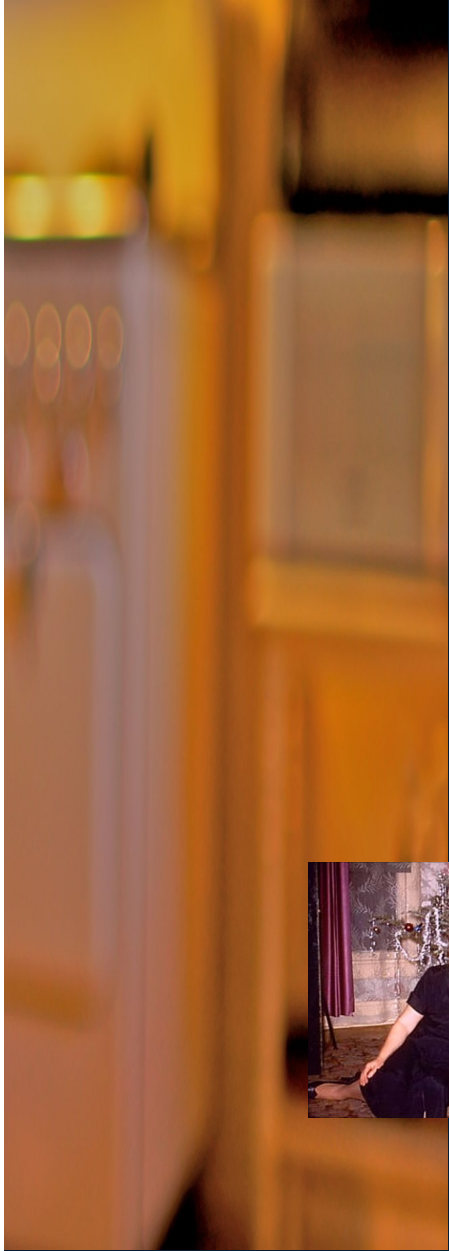
We would walk down to her new
house and stay all night, but we were
really sad when she left her little one
room house behind ours.

She smoked a pipe with Life Everlasting in it. It was a weed that she said kept her head open. We would say Grandma let us open our head. She said no you cannot. Your Mommy and Daddy wouldn't like it, but sometimes she would let us take a puff. My sister Pearl had asthma pretty bad when she was young and Grandma would let her puff on the Life Everlasting to help the asthma.

H.C.







We went out every Christmas and picked out our Christmas tree.

We strung popcorn to hang on the tree. We never had very much for Christmas but we each had a shoe box that we put out. The girls would get a doll and the boys got a play gun.

We would get fruit and some stick candy. We would eat just a little bit of the candy each day to make it last as long as we could.

The whole family, aunts, uncles and cousins always came to our Christmas.

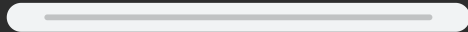
H.C.

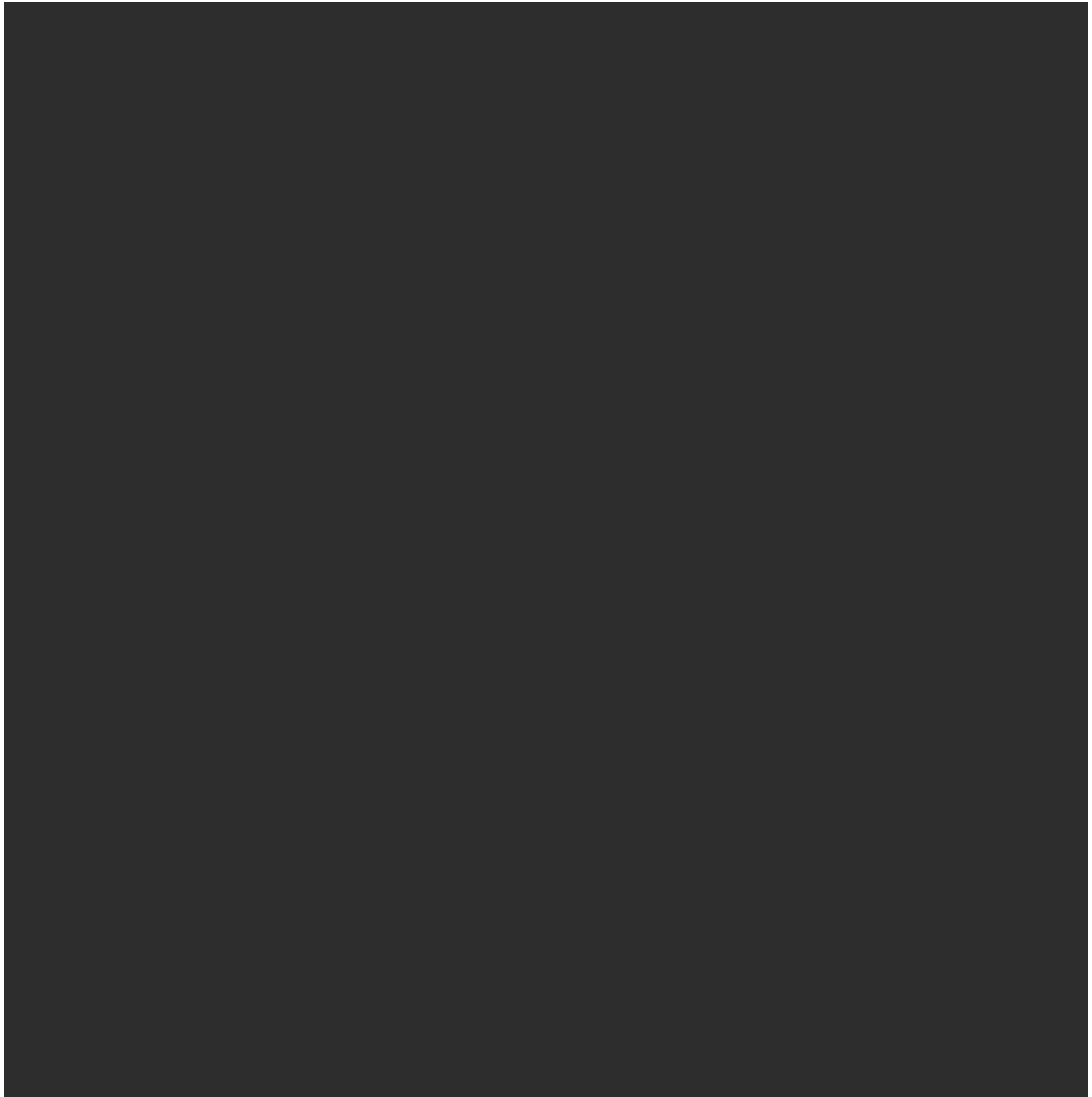
When we first came to Hoopeston
my aunt had died and Dad made me
go stay with my uncle.

I would cry every morning when I had to go. I cooked for his hired hands. I got up every morning and made biscuits and I churned the butter and washed their clothes. They had four kids that I had to take care of and one of the little girls did nothing but bawl all the time. She cried constantly.

I was about 20 and it was out in the
country.

I had to get dinner and supper for the hired hands and cleaned the house, did all the cooking and everything. He gave me \$5.00 a week and I had to take it home and give it to my Dad. Right before I got married I asked him if I could keep my last paycheck, but he made me give him half of it. I didn't have very nice clothes to get married in.





After we moved to Hoopeston, my brother Memory and I went downtown one night.

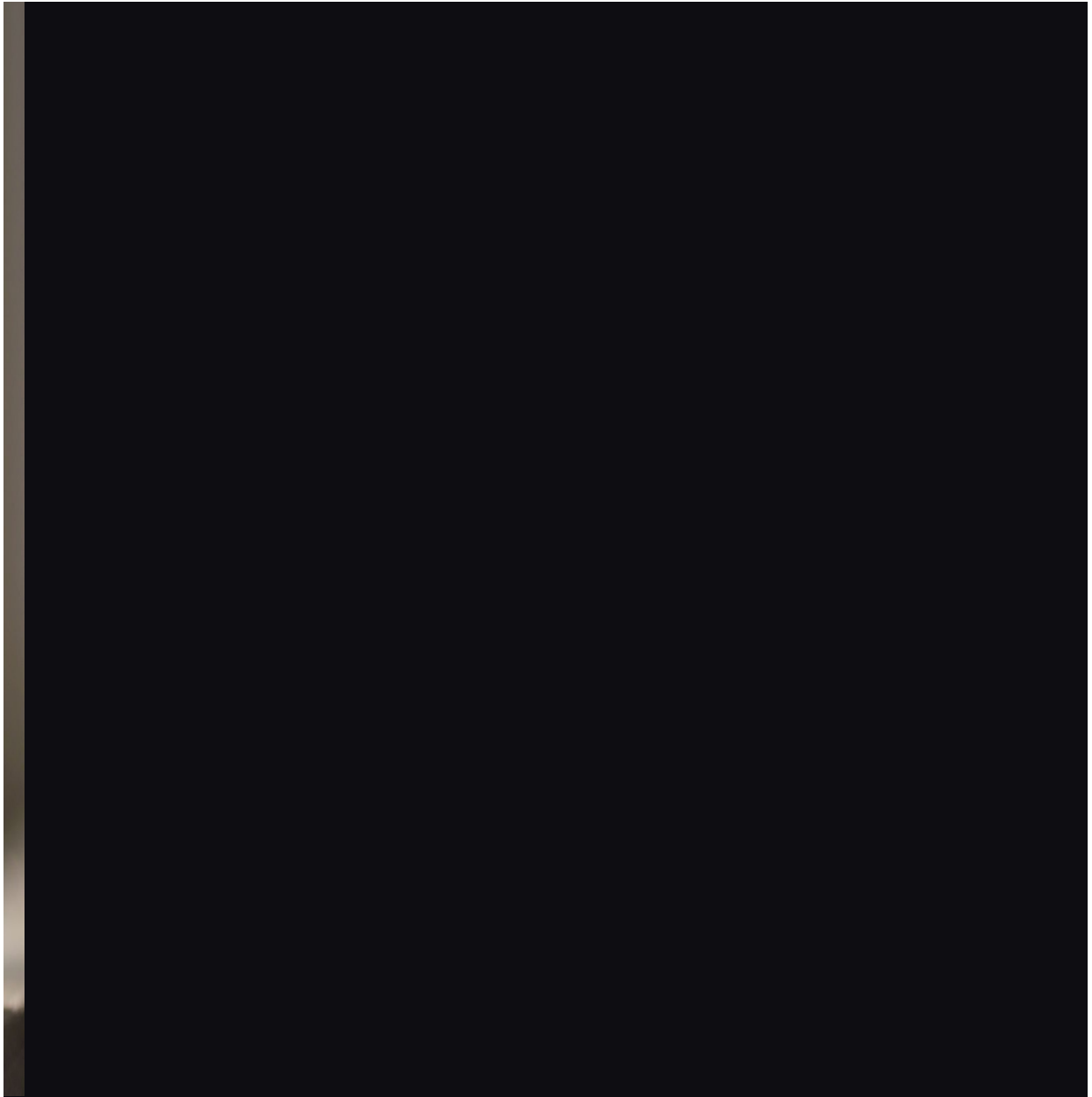
That was the night I met Daddy.

My brother wanted me to go to the show with Daddy. I didn't want to go, so Memory went off and left me so I had to go because I didn't have any way home.

We went together after that for about eight months before we got married.

H.C.







Dollie and Hallie married three days before Christmas in 1922. Hallie was 20 and Dollie was 31.

They had 4 of their five children while living in Hoopeston: Juanita Mae, Bobby Louis, Samantha Maedell and a child, a son, was stillborn.



After moving to Danville their youngest daughter, Violet June, was born in 1938. The family lived at 17 Wisconsin Street when they first came to Danville. After that they lived at 9 Kentucky Street before moving to 607 S. Bowman Avenue.

Dollie worked for many years as a medical assistant at the Veterans Administration Hospital. The family never had a car. Dollie biked to work every day and Hallie took the bus when she was going to town.

Dollie always worked nights so he would sleep in the chair a good part of the day.



Whenever you asked Daddy
to fix anything he would
always say, "Give me a
wire."

One time, I wanted a picnic table, so he said I'll make you one. He went out in back and found some old logs from a tree that had been cut down. He was out there sawing on those old logs and I said what are you doing?

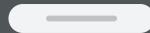
He said, I'm going to make you a picnic table. I said "not out of that". He asked why and I told him "'cause you can't make a picnic table out of that".

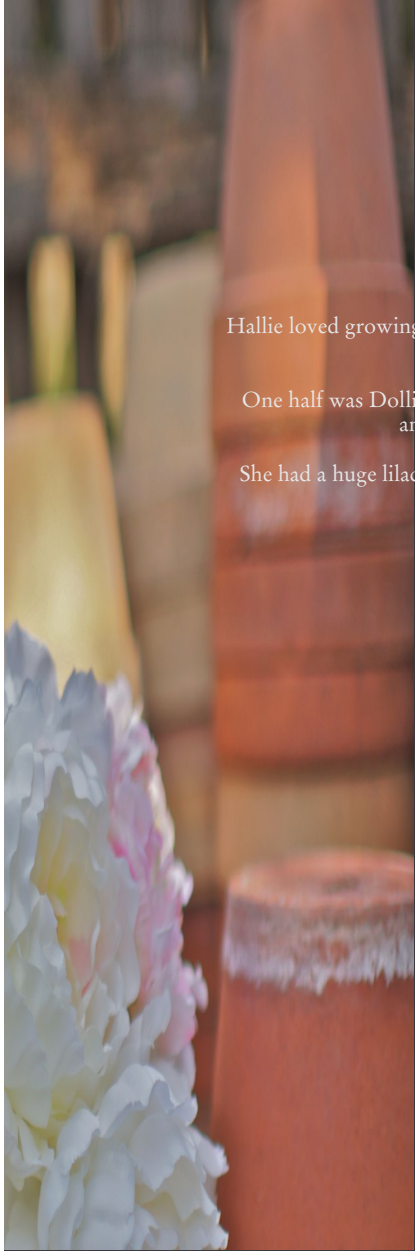


So he sat down and thought about it for a while and then went down to Lorna's and measured her table. He came home and went downtown and came home with lumber and made the nicest picnic table. I said "now see how nice that looks".

He said "it does look pretty
nice, doesn't it."

H.C.





Hallie loved growing her flowers. For many years the back yard on Bowman Avenue was divided into halves.

One half was Dollie's strawberry plants and the other was Hallie's zinnias and marigolds. Hallie also loved lilacs.

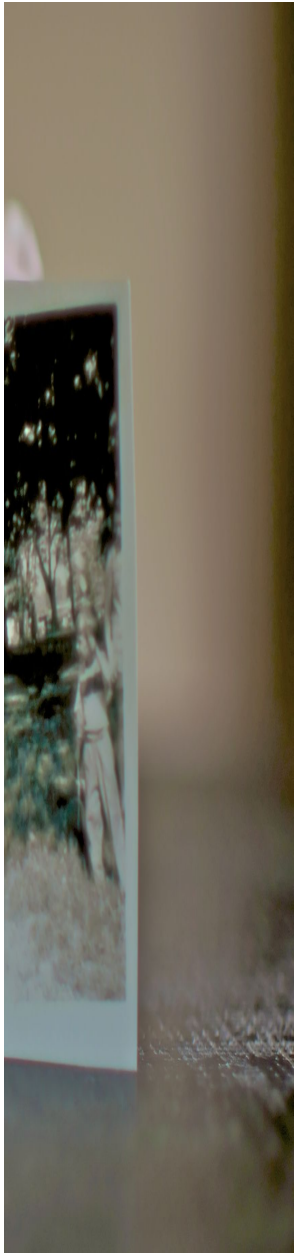
She had a huge lilac bush in the backyard and each spring we couldn't wait until they bloomed.



"We used to raise so much in the back yard, strawberries on one side and flowers on the other. We had a big grape arbor and there were two of those big white flowers back there.

One of them kept dying. I kept watering it and one day I said "I wonder what's wrong with that flower, I can't get it to come back to life. Daddy said "I've been putting salt on it".

H.C.



"I sure wish Daddy could see all these grandkids. I remember him spending time with Ronnie. You never saw a picture of him without Ronnie by his side.

"Ronnie, Sharon and little Bobby were the only three he was able to know. Ronnie said he could remember getting in the ashes up to his knees in the backyard.

He said PaPa said he was going to spank him but I knew he wasn't. I said PaPa wouldn't have laid a hand on you for nothing."

H.C.



Hallie's only son,
Bobby, developed
diabetes as a young
boy and spent his life
battling it.

In those days you
couldn't buy the sugar
free food that is
available now. Mama
had to weigh out all of
his food.

Bobby died when he
was 27 years old,
leaving his sons Bobby
and Steve with only
memories of him from
their childhood.

Hallie never truly
recovered from his
death. She had lost her
dad, husband and son
within 4 years.



Dollie was only 58 years old when he died. A heavy smoker for many years, he spent the last year of his life in the VA Hospital in Chicago, Illinois.



Hallie's greatest joy in
life were her children
and grandchildren.
She adored each and
every one of them.

As each child was born
they were brought to
her house directly
from the hospital to
Bowman Avenue to
spend their first weeks
in a bed that was
handed down from
child to child.



"The Porch Swing"
by Kelly LeConte

It was our time,
our place,
swinging.

The sound of back and forth,
the smells of summer, mowed
grass, biscuits and fried pies,
snapping beans wrapped in
soft kitchen cloths.

Ending the day,
talking, laughing, crying.
Holding her hand,
rough from years of giving,
always giving.

The sight of the park I loved,
calling me to come and play,
but I was too old now,
swinging with her was enough
and everything.



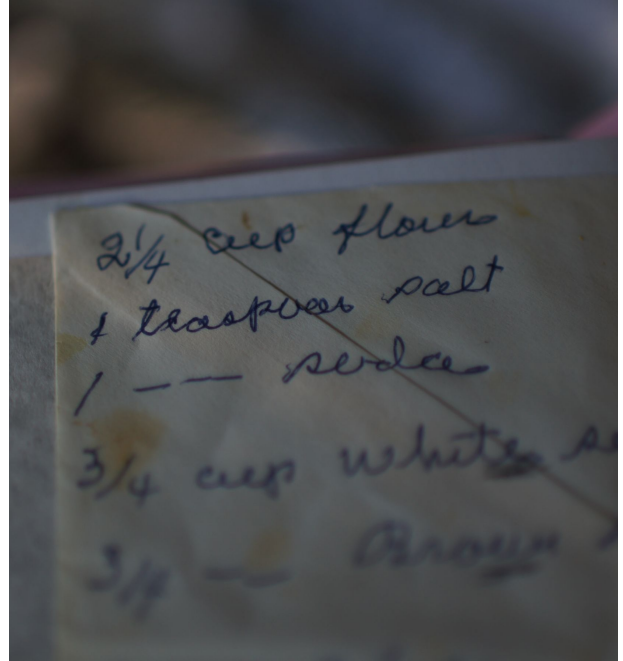




"Ma Ma"



ae Chaudoin





All of the grandchildren loved spending time with her. She made everything magical - whether it was spending the night, going to the park, making popsicles out of kool aid, playing checkers or just holding her hand on the front porch swing. Although each of her grandchildren and great-grandchild have taken separate paths - they all share a priceless family inheritance.

June Mellon, daughter







I have very fond memories of home. I recall that Daddy worked nights and slept most of the day in a chair in the living room.

Whenever Mom would run the sweeper, she would pick up his feet and sweep around him.

I never remember Mom raising her voice or getting angry with any of us.

I miss our talks very much.

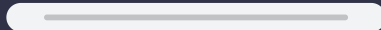
Maedell Coffenberry, daughter





Some of my greatest times were the hours spent with her on the front porch swing. And her cooking....! Pam is a pretty damn good cook, but cannot match Mama's taste...her spaghetti and cornbread dressing.

Ron Foster, grandson





I remember sitting on the porch swing with MaMa and just
chatting and
holding her hand. We use to watch the cars go by and the birds
also.

Then we would walk to the park, hand in hand, to ride on a few
rides and get an ice cream.

I will never forget sitting on the bench with Mama at the park. I
loved
her so much. I would always sleep with her, and she would snore
very
loud. She would tell me to hit her if she started snoring, but I
could
not bring myself to do that. I would gently nudge her, but she just
slept right through it. I always felt so safe with her.

Sharon Hudson, granddaughter





Some of my fondest memories with MaMa included sitting on her lap no matter how big we "grandkids" grew. MaMa loved for us to sit on her lap and then she would gently rub your arms, legs, head and you could almost fall to sleep. Life was so much simpler when you spent time with MaMa and she made everyone feel special.

Bob Chaudoin, grandson



Thanksgivings were my favorite time to be with Mama, with all the food and the whole family was there. I will always remember the park, the rides and music at the pavillion. My favorite dish of hers was her dumplings and the trimmings.

Gary Coffenberry, grandson



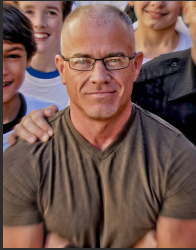
There are those people who pass from our lives,
whom we never fully appreciate until it's too late.
All the things left unsaid...

That is so not Hallie Chaudion - mother,
grandmother, that lady from rural Kentucky we all
called Mama.

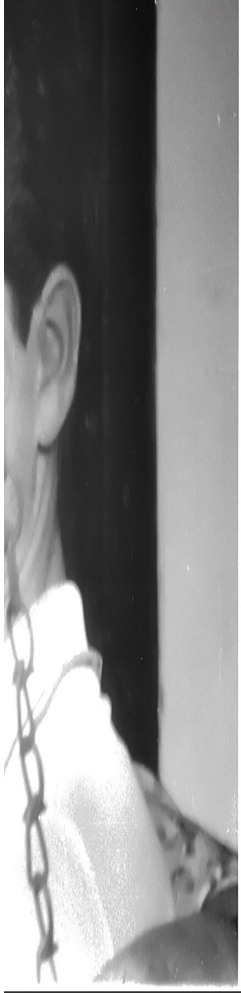
We all knew then what we know now - that time
spent with Mama was timeless.

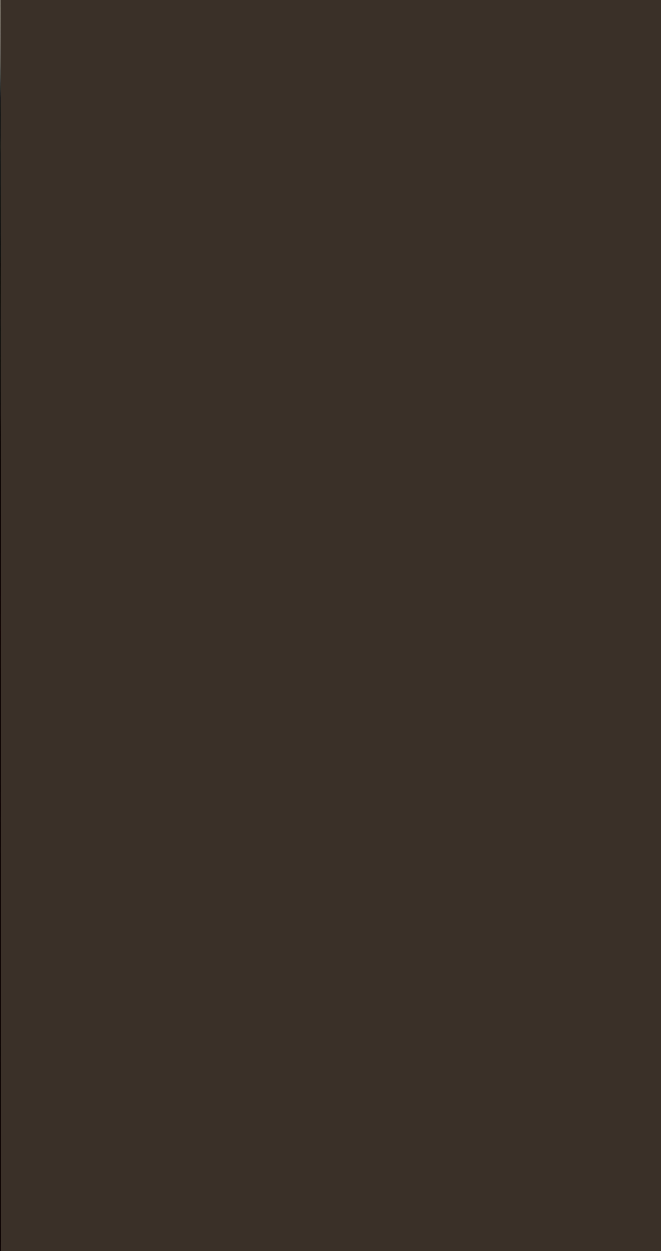
And with Mama, nothing was left unsaid. "I love
you"s sprang spontaneously from the heart and
came wrapped in a hug.

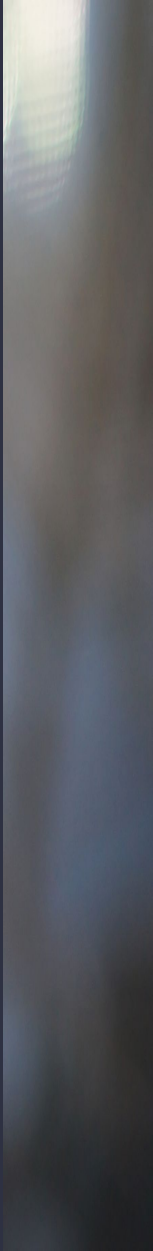
Far from passing from our lives, Mama is still part
of this moment. We are, after all, the people we are
because of her, and when we are at our best, our
warmest, our most loving - Mama shines.



Phillip LeConte
May 20, 2011



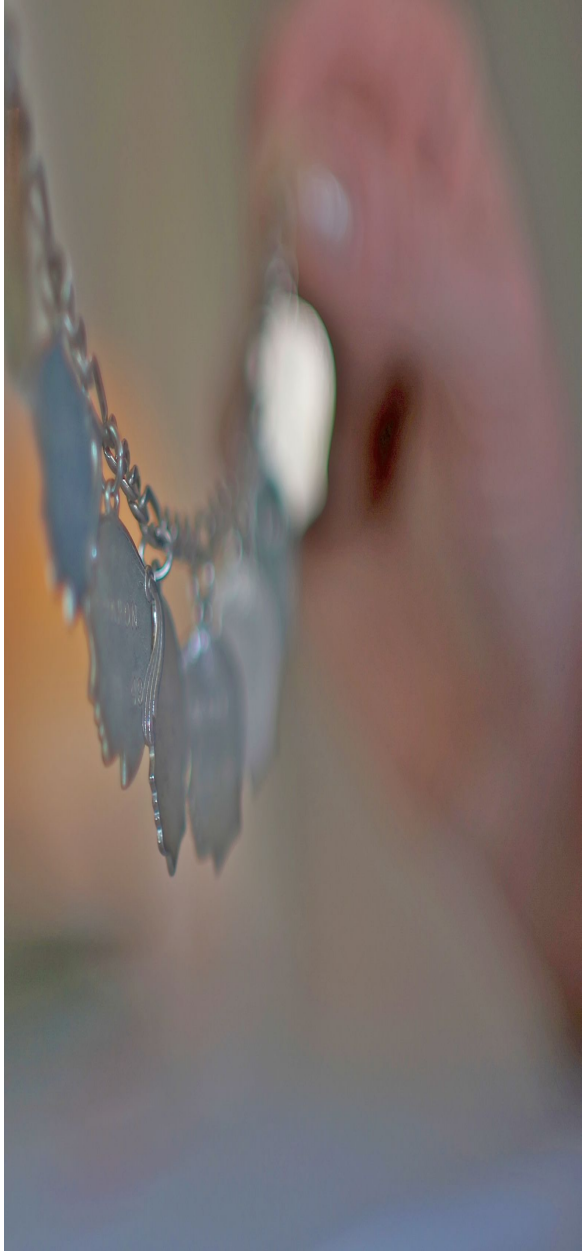




On January 22, 1988,
Mama sat down in her
favorite chair in her
favorite robe, went to
sleep and woke up in
the loving arms of
Jesus.

She gave unconditional
love and met with life's
challenges, some which
we can scarcely
imagine with grace and
dignity.

Our beautiful Mother,
grandmother and
great-grandmother
made an indelible mark
on our souls. We will
love her always.
June, daughter



To all my children....

First I want to tell you how much I love you all. You are all so good to me and every one of you are so dear and precious to me.

Christmas will soon be here. I enjoy having my children and grandchildren home for Christmas.

I enjoy cooking the things they like. We have such a good time. We have spent a lot of Christmas's together and you children make it complete.

I have loved every one of you. I don't have much to give you but my love, and I have plenty of that.

I love you all so very much. My children are my life.

As always,

Mama

In her own words, written down in advance of recording she made with June 2 days before Christmas 1983.





Family reunion.
Turkey Run, Indiana
June 2011

